

Home Melodies.

Alfred Sereno Hudson.

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"And, tho' the crumbling oaks decay,
Which by the wayside grow."

Page 15.

HOME MELODIES

BY

ALFRED SERENO HUDSON,

AUTHOR OF "HISTORY OF SUDBURY, MASS."

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TO THE MEMORY

OF

MY BROTHER,

JOHN P. HUDSON,

WHO DIED

In his Country's Service during the Civil War.

PREFACE.

The selections contained in this volume are, to an extent, relating to events and traditions pertaining to the history of Sudbury, Middlesex Co., Mass., the early home of the author, hence the title "HOME MELODIES."

A. S. H.

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Home Melodies.

THE WAYSIDE INN.

[The Wayside Inn (Howe Tavern), made famous by the poet Longfellow, is in the south-westerly part of Sudbury. It was erected near the beginning of the 18th century, and ceased to be used as an Inn about 1866. The place of late years has been considerably resorted to by pleasure parties and persons of an antiquary taste. The frontispiece is a picture of the Inn, copied from a photograph.]

By a winding road in early days
An old-time tavern stood,
With gable roof and low brown walls,
A snug Inn of the wood.

A red horse pranced upon the sign,
The name of Howe was there;
And "man and beast" in storm and shine
Found there most ample fare.

From massive chimneys, stout and gray,
The smoke wreaths curling crept
Amid the oaks that night and day
Their faithful vigils kept.

The stage-coach passed along the road,
The post-horn rent the air;
The teamster stopped his heavy load
To find refreshment there.

But times have changed, and now the Inn
Stands by the way-side lone,
A souvenir of years gone by,
Of grandeur that has flown.

The landlord and his guests are dead,
They serve, are served no more;
The stage-coach now no more rolls by,
The grass grows at the door.

The paths by stranger feet are trod,
The latch by strange hands pressed,
The relic-hunter seeks the place
That once was sought by guest.

The hearth no longer brightly burns
As burned that hearth of old;
The fires are out, and embers gray
Are on the ashes cold.

By night the storm-wind moans and sighs
About the lone abode,
As if the ghosts of long ago
In wrathful fury strode.

On sunlit slope of gable roof,
From ridge to ancient eaves,
The dust of long since buried years,
Slow gathered, dryly cleaves.

But tho' thick mantled o'er with years,
The Inn stands lone and sad,
It yet recalls to mind a scene
With pleasant memories clad.

It tells of golden days gone by,
Of sterling worth and cheer,
Of merry times and merry men,
And things that we revere.

It says our worthy ancestry
Were not of downcast mould,
Tho' prayers and sermons long were said
In meeting-house so cold.

They loved the English hostelry —
 They brought it to these shores,
Its halls rang out with mirth and glee,
 They opened wide its doors.

About the fireside's fitful glow
 Of cheerful Inn they met,
And talked on Fall and Winter nights,
 And days of snow and wet.

Their harmless gossip meant no ill,
 They helped the cause they plead;
They learned to love each other more,
 And the land for which they bled.

Long may this ancient mansion stand,
 Long may the old Inn last,
As long as memory's golden chain
 Binds present to the past.

Long may the honored name of Howe,
 "Mine host" of old, endure;
Long may the poet's name be sung,
 Who made his fame secure.

And tho' the crumbling oaks decay,
 Which by the wayside grow,
Yet may the Wayside Inn remain,
 Old times, old ways to show.

THE OLD TOWN BRIDGE.

[A bridge that crosses the Sudbury River between Wayland and Sudbury Centre, has long been known as the "Old Town Bridge." It is situated but a short distance from the late home of Lydia Maria Child. It is said that at the spot where the bridge stands, the first framed bridge in Middlesex County was erected. The vicinity about is historic. The accompanying engraving is from a photograph by Mr. A. W. Cutting, Wayland.]

In distant years the pleasant beam
Of sunlight dancing o'er the stream,
Was not shut out by archway gray,
Which upward bore a rough highway
That only served to bear the weight
Of passing travellers and freight.

The settlers came; they spanned the stream
With quaint old bridge of massive beam:
And through the years that since have rolled
A bridge has cast its shadow cold
From bank to bank, where dark and slow
The Musketahquid's* waters flow.

* Indian name of the Sudbury River.



"Above, an elm and willow bend
With outspread arms that almost blend;"

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Above, the elm and willow bend
With outstretched arms that almost blend;
And by the river's slippery edge
The blue joint, water brush and sedge
Combine their green of varied tinge,
To give the stream an emerald fringe.

Thus year by year the bridge has stood
And passed the traveller o'er the flood;
In storm and calm, by night and day,
An open and a friendly way
Has been alike to friend and foe,
To shield them from the waves below.

Thou quaint old structure, we, like you,
Should faithful serve, and strive to do
The part allotted hour by hour,
Tho' floods arise and tempests lower;
Nor falter, tho' the work when done,
By thoughtless crowd, be trod upon.

And, as the stream of life rolls by,
And year eternal draweth nigh,

May we sweet consolation take,
That life like ours has served to make
An easy way for weary one
To journey towards his heavenly home.

THE PHANTOM TINKER.

[There was long a tradition that a travelling tinker once dwelt in the vicinity of the Sudbury River Meadows, and that at length he disappeared, whereupon strange sounds were heard in the vicinity of his old haunts. The substance of the story is given in the following verses.]

TINKLE, tink, tink; by the meadow's brink
A sound comes soft and low;
Was it the note of a tiny bird
The startled traveller faintly heard,
Which in the thicket softly stirred?

Tinkle, tink, tink; tinkle, tink, tink;
Once more the strange sounds go
Over the rushes green and rank,
Down 'mid the swamp land, dark and dank,
Beside the highway's brambly bank.

Tinkle, tink, tink: tink, tinkle, tink:
The traveller listens, and pauses to think:
'Twas no voice of a bird
That had suddenly stirred,
Which the traveller there, affrighted, had heard.

But startled, he shook to the roots of his hair,
For the shade of the old phantom tinker was there,
And the strokes of his hammer were borne on the air.

And who was that invisible tinker so bold,
Who, at midnight's still hour so dark and so cold,
By that lone meadow pathway his vigils should hold?

Lo, listen: and learn from the country folk lore
How, long, long ago, in the grim days of yore
A tinker went jobbing from door to door.

He plied his rude trade in a small, humble way,
At each house making only a stop and go stay,
Repeating his visit at no distant day.

But, at length he was missed, and nobody knew
Why he suddenly ceased their coarse jobbing to do;
And the mystery thickened and gathered and grew.

Then, soon there was heard a low and strange sound
By the highway that skirted the lone meadow ground,
Which startled the whole, quiet country around.

It was tinkle, tink, tink; now loud and then low;
Now near, then more distant the strange sound would go;
But the cause of it no one was able to show.

If perchance for a season the strange sound should stay,
It would start, if some person about there should say,
"The tinker is out of old copper to-day."

At length in the neighborhood somebody died
On the route where the tinker his rude trade had plied,
And then the sound ceased by the lone meadow side.

But as the funeral cortège to the graveyard slow sped,
Grimly bearing along the remains of the dead,
The tinkle, tink, tink sounded clear, it is said.

But from then until now no tinkle, tink, tink
Has been heard by the pathway of moist meadow brink,
And it never was heard there, so some people think.

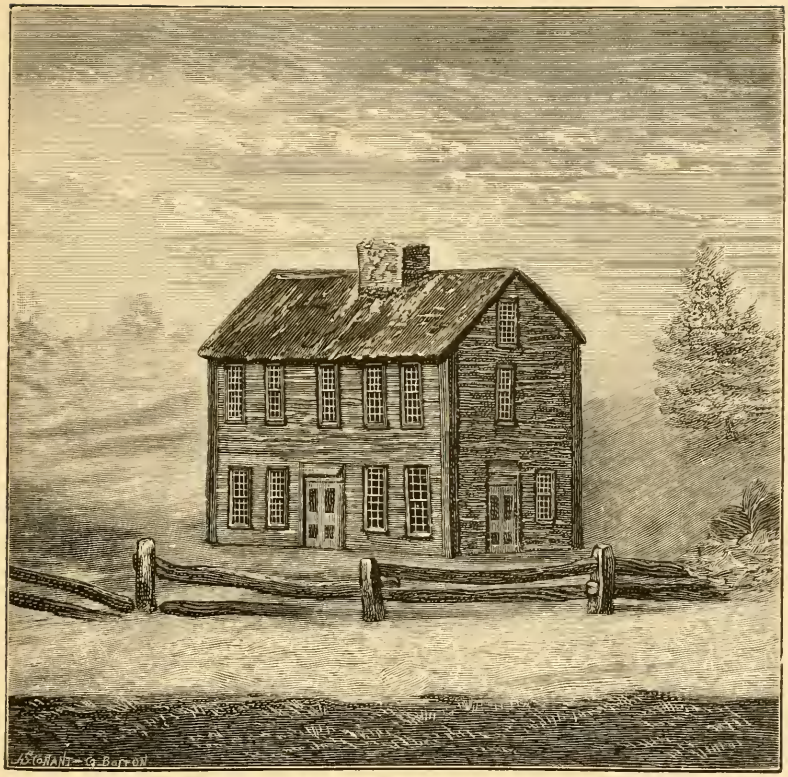
THE DEFENCE OF THE GARRISON.

[There stood, near the river meadows in Sudbury until recently, a house called the "Old Haynes Garrison." When Philip of Pokonoket invaded the town, April 21st, 1676, this garrison was assailed, as the record states, "with greate force and fury;" yet, says the record, "by ye help of God, ye garrison" held out. The accompanying engraving represents the house as it was when demolished some years since.]

DARK and grim the war-cloud rested
O'er the woodland lone and drear;
On the night wind came the war-whoop
Bursting on the startled ear.

With the morning came the tempest,
Shot and arrows fell like rain;
Sharp the onset, as the foemen
Sought the garrison to gain.

Crowded thick within the stronghold
Bravely fought the valiant band,
Who for parents, wives and children
Strove with willing heart and hand.



"Crowded thick within the stronghold,
Bravely fought the valiant band."

Page 22.

From above the distant woodland
Rose the wreaths of murky smoke,
While the wild incessant firing
Far the forest echoes broke.

Upward to the God of battles
Looked they in that trying hour,
Nor in vain their supplication
For a Father's sheltering power.

Nerved He then their arms with vigor,
Courage gave to every heart;
Firm they stood and never wavered,
No one failed to do his part.

Slow the hours of morning vanished,
Still the stern strife wildly raged;
Noontide came, yet still the conflict
Round the old house fierce was waged.

From the door the foe was driven
Back to bramble, rock and wood,
Inch by inch they slow retreated,
Like a wall the English stood.

But at last the tempest ended,
 Back the war-cloud drew its shade,
Soft o'er earth the gentle night dew
 Dropped, as day began to fade.

Darkness reigned about the stronghold,
 But the foe had vanished quite;
God had saved! kind Heaven had rescued!
 And at eventide was light.

INDIAN RELICS AT COCHITUATE LAKE.

[On the western shore of Lake Cochituate there might, until within a few years, be seen the faint outline of rude defences, that were probably erected by the Indians who lived in that vicinity long before English occupation. The place is supposed to be the site of an Indian village of considerable size.]

By a calm, forest lake, where the bright waters blue
Reflect in their stillness the sky's azure hue,
At a spot where the coarse and uneven turf
Grows careless and rough on the time furrowed earth,
Are the marks of a vanished race.

Faint outlines of battlements old may be traced,
Which the hand of decay has not yet quite effaced;
These, with rude weapons and tools that are found,
Are signs that the place was once populous ground,
And the site of an ancient fort.

But who raised the low mounds that were flattened with age,
Long ere they had record on history's page?
The past gives no answer, none are left to declare;
All else time has taken, only these it could spare
To tell about those who are gone.

But fancy, perhaps, by no venturesome flight,
Can contemplate the scene and conjecture the sight
That was there, when the depth of the dark forest rung
With shoutings and mirth, from those dwelling among
The now low mouldering mounds.

On the bright, sunny highlands they erected their home;
Through the dark, leafy vales they delighted to roam;
There they worshipped their Kiton* with rude sacrifice,
And appeased their Hobbammoc† by curious device,
And were healed by the medicine men.

In the swift, dashing tide of Cochituate Brook
They thrust their stone spear and cast their bone hook.
The forest resounded with echoing calls,
As they took shad and salmon at the rough, rocky falls‡
On the river's winding course.

For them the deep shades of the old forest grand
Gave out their supplies with beneficent hand;
The wild turkies strutted along the dark dells,
Huge flocks of swift pigeons flew over the fells,
And beaver swam in the streams.

* Good Spirit. † Evil Spirit. ‡ Falls of Sudbury River at Saxonville.

Graceful grouse, with light step, stately strode in the glen,
The wild ducks reared their young 'mid the weeds of the fen;
Rich grapes in large clusters sweet perfumed the air,
And walnuts and chestnuts in plenty were there,
And berries abundantly grew.

When the late aster purpled in mild autumn days,
And the golden rod flashed in the soft mellow haze,
Then they hunted and danced by the harvest moon bright,
And told their weird tales by the wigwam's faint light,
Or sat by their council fires.

By the pebbly shores of their forest-lined lake,
By the leaf-covered inlet, fringed with flags and wild brake,
Where the wide-spreading oaks their gnarled branches threw
O'er the low rippling waves, when the summer winds blew,
They paddled their fragile boats.

In their rude forest fortress they were safe from the hand
Of the murd'rous Maqua* and his treacherous band;
In contentment and peace they raised the rich maize,
And powwowed, and danced, and sang their rude lays,
As silent the swift years passed.

But now, crumbling, their lone mounds are left to decay,
Their hearths are unmarked save by cold ashes gray;
Their names are unknown, and their graves are unwept,
And over their history oblivion has swept
Its all-effacing hand.

But the calm lake and winds that sweep o'er it remain;
The sunlight, the shadow, the snow and the rain,
These still come and go as in days gone before;
But the race that was there is gone nevermore
To be seen or known among men.

So generations come and go, like waves that strike the sea-girt strand;
One century they are here, and lo! the next are swept from off the land;

* The Mohawk

The very works they leave behind soon crumble, fall,
and fade away,
And like their makers pass from mind, and soon in dark
oblivion lay.

Great God, with Thee alone is that which still endures
while ages fly ;
To Thee alone can mortals look to give to them eternity.

THE POND BY THE MEADOW.*

Beside the meadow land it lies
 Placid and bright,
Reflecting soft the blue of summer skies,
 A peaceful sight.

Upon its bosom lilies rest,
 Flags fringe its bank,
And here and there the muskrat builds its nest
 In grasses rank.

Along its shores the cattle graze,
 A quiet herd,
And sweet in bush and brake in summer days
 Is song of bird.

At evening fire-flies flit and play
 Like fairies fair,
And whip-poor-wills salute departing day
 With plaintive air.

* Near the Child Cottage, Wayland.



"Along its shores the cattle graze,
A quiet herd."

Page 30.

At morn the meadow odors rise
 Amid the fog,
And booming bittern sounds its hollow cry
 From neighb'ring bog.

Sweet scene of peace, of tranquil rest,
 Of holy calm,
Where nature's children dwell and each is blest,
 Secure from harm.

THE GHOST IN THE GARRISON DOOR.

[In the southerly part of Sudbury there stood, until about a half century ago, an old house known as the "Brown Garrison." In the picture of this building the light left by the artist upon the garrison door suggested the following verses.]

Thou ghost in the garrison door,
 Oh, why dost thou stand and look out?
Pray, tell us of things done of yore,
 Of midnight encounter and rout.

Tell us how at the morn's early dawn,
 On that far-away, sad April day,
The fierce foe attacked Sudbury town.
 Oh, relate to us these things, we pray.

How, about the old garrison wall
 For hours the shot pelted like rain;
And the dark war cloud drooped like a pall,
 As the foe sought an entrance to gain.



"Thou ghost in the garrison door,
Oh, why dost thou stand and look out?"

Page 32.

Speak, and tell of the "Fight at Green Hill!"
Where were buried the foe that were slain?
What lone forest grave do they fill?
Where through the long years have they lain?

Tell us where the large wigwam did stand,
That Philip erected in glee
To carouse in with red-handed band,
And exult in his great victory?

Tell the place of the night ambuscade,
Where Netus was slain with his host;
Tell where the old chieftain was laid;
Oh, declare to us this, thou old Ghost!

Tell, who built the old Garrison's wall,
In the door of which now thou dost stand;
Break forth, and respond to our call,
Where rests now the long-vanished hand?

Tell us where upon rough Nobscot's side
The home of old Tantamous stood;
Where did Jethro the younger reside?
In what sunny spot in the wood?

Tell where Goodman's snug wigwam was made,
On the hill which still goes by his name;
Where it stood in the dark forest shade
When to Sudbury the Englishmen came.

Thus open thy lips, thou old Ghost!
No longer stand dumb at the door;
Tell of things that we wish to know most;
And be a mute spirit no more.

But no: the departed speak not!
The Ghost in the doorway is gone;
Removed is the house from the spot,
The place is left lone and forlorn.

The breezes still moan through the trees;
The clouds fly over the sky;
There, still, is the hum of the bees;
The waters are still gliding by;

But man and his home will decay,
The roof-tree will fall by the wall,
The ages will pass on their way,
To come no more at our call.

Then look to this spirit no more
For tidings of what is long dead,
For no ghost ever comes to the door
When the life of a mortal has fled.

THE HOME OF LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

[The home of Lydia Maria Child, during her later life, was in Wayland. There a large portion of her literary work was done, and at that place she died. The engraving of the house is from a photograph taken by A. W. Cutting, Wayland.]

On sunny bank that sloped beside
The Musketahquid's meadows wide,
The low-roofed cottage stood.

Plain, unpretentious, kept with care,
With garden decked with flowers rare,
It smiled on passer-by.

An elm and willow towered above
With boughs that interlaced in love,
As hearts entwined below.

About the door the climbing vine
Reached outward towards the soft sunshine
That fell with gentle ray.



"An elm and willow towered above
With boughs that interlaced in love."

Page 36.

Not far away the lilies grew,
With flowers of green and snowy hue,
Along a placid lake.

The blackbirds on the meadow near
Made music sweet both loud and clear
At break of early dawn.

At sunset hour the shadows long
Were mingled with their evening song,
Till day's last fading ray.

When Autumn decks the far-off hills,
And purple haze the soft air fills,
The scene how sweet, how fair.

Soft clothed with gold and silver shades,
The nearer landscape dims and fades
On meadows broad and brown.

While on the river's winding stream
The silent waters faintly gleam
With light subdued and soft.

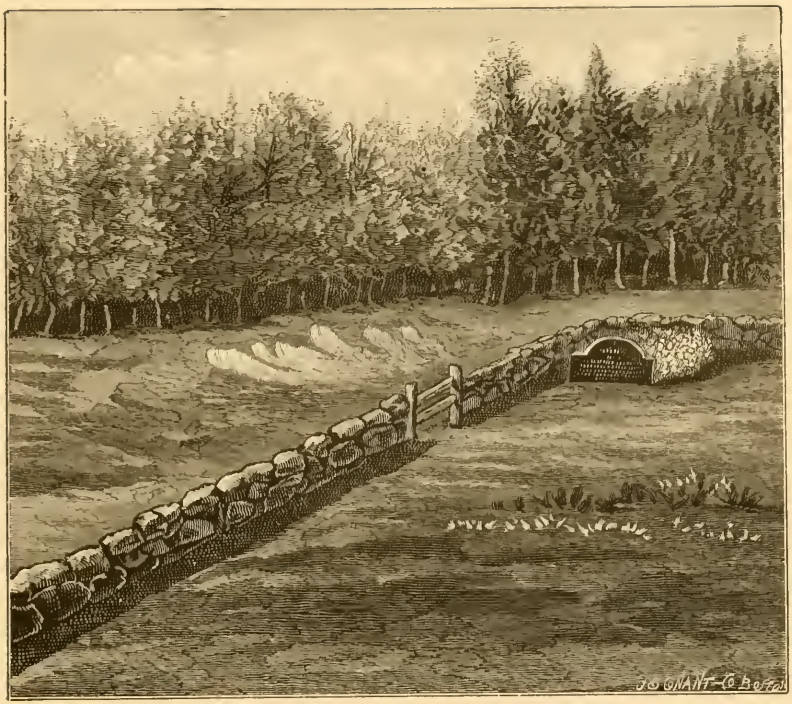
Near by the orchard, bending low
With many a richly laden bough,
Gave fragrance of rich fruit.

About the door the old folks sat
At twilight hour for social chat,
Like loving couple true.

Their life was simple, quiet, kind,
As blessed influence left behind,
When they had passed away.

Dear spot, by pleasant memories blest
Of earnest hearts that sweetly rest
After life's arduous toil.

A toil endured for souls distressed,
For race afflicted and oppressed,
When few would render aid.



"Above it was placed a rustic mound.
Beside it a broad, low stone."

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THE GRAVE IN THE WOODS.

[In South Sudbury, there stood until 1852 a rude stone heap, at the head of which was a low slate stone. The grave thus marked for about a century and a half contained the remains of Captains Wadsworth and Brocklebank and more than a score of their men, who fell in the famous "Sudbury Fight," April 21st, 1676. In 1852 a granite monument was erected, and the stone heap was removed.]

In the dark, deep woods, where the murm'ring pines
And the tall oaks cast their shade,
'Mid the tangled boughs and the moss-grown rocks,
A lonely grave was made.

About it the scattering wild grass grew,
And Autumn's leaves were cast,
And notes of the wood-bird softly fell,
As swift the years sped past.

Above it was placed a rustic mound,
Beside it a broad, low stone,
Which told it was soldier dust that lay
In that sepulchre still and lone;

That away from kindred the brave men fell,
And perished their friends to save;
Then kindly borne were their prostrate forms
To that lone forest grave.

As the years rolled by, the old gray stones
Together loosely clung,
And on the pile the blackberry vines
Their tangled masses flung.

A softened stillness filled the air,
No ruder sound was heard
Than rustling leaf or cricket's chirp,
Or note of singing bird.

No beaten path by footsteps made
E'er pressed the toughened sod;
The forest burial place was left
With Nature and her God.

The years of near two centuries passed;
The woodland dark was cleared;
In memory of that valiant band
A granite shaft was reared.

But naught of granite, marble, bronze,
 Nor precious metal could
More faithful serve, than that gray mound
 That stood within the wood.

SHERIDAN AND THE SHENANDOAH.

I.

In Shenandoah's quiet vales
A conquering army sought repose;
A battle fought, a victory won,
It bade defiance to its foes.

II.

Around about were comrades slain
In struggle sharp, where blue and gray
Crossed sword and sabre, shot and shell,
Till both upon the green sward lay.

III.

A battle stern had just been fought,
When rank of either had been thinned;
The surging war-wave dashed and broke,
Till many a soldier's eye was dimmed.

IV.

And now, war's din and tumult ceased,
The Shenandoah flowed along
As calm and tranquil as the notes
Float down the current of a song.

V.

The leader of that host had gone
To Washington, with flush of pride,
That conquering hero well might take,
That conquering spirit scarce could hide.

VI.

For worthy deeds had just been wrought
By Sheridan and his brave men,
Who headlong hurled the rebels back,
And freed the Shenandoah again.

VII.

And thus all thought the camp secure,
As night its dusky curtains drew,
And round each weary, war-worn form,
A mantle soft it gently threw.

VIII.

But hush! the sound of rustling strange
Is heard amid the brush-wood thick!
And now and then to picket's ear
Comes noise of crackling leaf and stick!

IX.

And see! along yon hillside rough,
What spectral figures dimly glide,
As if a dusky spirit-band
From mortal vision sought to hide?

X.

"Who's there?" the sentinel shouts out.
"Who's there?" again he startled cries.
But in the dark and dismal wood,
His challenge only fades and dies.

XI.

Again he starts, he stops, he shouts,
"Who's there? advance and give the sign!
"Halt! and if friend, pass on to camp!
"If foe, be thou a prisoner mine!"

XII.

Still all is hushed, no sound comes back,
No voice is heard from bush or brake
Of man, or bird, or beast, and naught
Save what a slumbering world might make.

XIII.

Thus, as the night's slow vigils sped,
The Union army lay at rest,
As safe, it thought, as weary child
When fondled on its mother's breast.

XIV.

But, fatal sleep to some who ne'er
Exultingly would wake to see
Those conquering colors borne aloft,
The signal of new victory.

XV.

For Jubal Early's columns turned
To flank that army wrapped in sleep,
And snatch the laurels lately won
By victory that he thought too cheap.

XVI.

The night wore on — ere morning broke,
What thunders rent the air!
What murderous fire! what shouts! what shrieks!
What treacherous foe was there?

XVII.

A thousand throats belch forth the cry
Oft heard on Southern field;
A thousand men give quick reply,
Who scorn to fly or yield.

XVIII.

The combat opens with a crash,
The forces headlong meet;
But Union host with leader lost
Must suffer sad defeat.

XIX.

They reel, they fly, those men of might
From front to rear make quick retreat.
Vainly the bugles called to halt,
Vainly the drummer the long roll beat.

XX.

Vainly were columns quickly formed
And thrust upon the foe;
Vain were it then to stand or charge,
Where ranks were soon laid low.

XXI.

No flesh could stand that withering fire,
No nerve that flash of steel,
No stalwart spirit stand unblanched
And hear that murderous peal.

XXII.

Whole ranks went down, platoons were thinned,
And prisoners by the score
Were seized to be in prison penned,
And see their homes no more.

XXIII.

Then came the rout, the quick retreat,
The hope to find a shelter near.
Fast flying feet of broken host
Were swiftly hurrying to the rear.

XXIV.

But stop! behold at Winchester
Was General Sheridan,
The hero who that self-same field
Had won with those same men.

XXV.

"What has been can be done again!"
Perhaps the chieftain cried,
And quickly sprang he to his horse,
And spurred his charger's side.

XXVI.

"Back, men!" he shouted; "Back!" he cried.
"Return again to camp!"
Then rode he rushing on his ride,
'Mid darkness dense and damp.

XXVII.

Forward he rode on foaming steed,
His flashing sword he swung.
"We'll whip them out their boots!" he said,
"And camp their camps among!"

XXVIII.

Along the line with hero's pride,
When once the front was gained,
Brave Sheridan pursued his ride,
Nor up his charger reined.

XXIX.

The men, encouraged, formed anew,
Their chieftain then was there.
From rank to rank the tidings flew,
New life was everywhere.

XXX.

"Had I been here, this had not been!"
Exclaimed the veteran brave.
"Advance, my boys! Bring back again
The victory that I gave!"

XXXI.

All felt a fervor, as of touch
Of mystic hand, or magic wand;
They turned to bring their laurels back,
And meet the wish of leader fond.

XXXII.

The stragglers halt, fall in, re-form,
In column close they line the way;
With measured, widening march they move
To meet the foe now held at bay.

XXXIII.

And now a lull, as ere the wave
In fury breaks upon the shore,
Or storm-cloud rends the earth with hail,
And bursts in air with deafening roar.

XXXIV.

So ceased the tumult, as that band
Of veteran soldiers turned to meet
That rebel corps, and take a stand
With steel and lead their march to greet.

XXXV.

Both men and chieftain felt their strength;
A score of hard fought fights they knew,
When hand to hand they sabres crossed,
And fought the many with the few.

XXXVI.

Now comes the crash, the charge, the shock,
As wave on wave smites sea-girt rock;
As billows make the frail boat rock,
So tossed the banners of that front
When steel met steel in battle's brunt.

XXXVII.

Lo! at their head their chieftain leads,
With followers firm on foaming steeds,
Intent on none but mighty deeds.

XXXVIII.

"Charge, men! Advance! Retake those guns!
Bring back your comrades who
Are held for prison pens, and wait
To be released by you!

XXXIX.

"Let not those traitorous hosts invade
Your fair, your northern fields.
On them! my boys in blue! huzza!
Who hardest fights most joy in victory feels!"

XL.

They knew the word, the work, the man,
Phil Sheridan, their chief, was there!
All Early's forces were as none,
With leader who such deeds would dare.

XLI.

Clash! went the sabres, whizz! the ball;
The ring and sing of shot and shell
Made mad the troopers, as if call
Had issued from the mouth of hell.

XLII.

They turn, the rebel legions break.
"Huzza!" brave Sheridan cries out;
"Advance! Now make their columns shake,
And put that traitorous host to rout!"

XLIII.

Still booming on, the battery's breath
Is belching forth its solemn sound.
The lurid vapor wreathes its mist,
And wraps the struggling warriors 'round.

XLIV.

The dying die, the wounded look
To see their leader's flashing blade
Once more give sign of victory won,
Ere yet from them earth's glories fade.

XLV.

Now they retreat! they fly! they cower!
Turned are the tables; more and more
Brave Sheridan inspires his men.
Yet one stroke more, one charge, one dash,
And Shenandoah is free again.

XLVI.

The men dash on with clattering steeds,
They fall anew on shattered rank;
They thrust, they hew, they front, they flank,
They follow where their chieftain leads.

XLVII.

The war-wave high in fury dashed,
The battle-cloud in thunder crashed;
For freedom were the close ranks riven,
For truth the fiery bolts were driven.

XLVIII.

The very air was rent with yells,
With hissing shot and whizzing shells,
With shifting batteries' clangor grim,
With bursting bombs, with sabres' din.

XLIX.

Kind heaven! look down!
Protect thine own,
That thus upon the ground are strewn,
As sacrificial offerings red,
As creatures to the slaughter led!

L.

At length the work is done,
The war-steed stays his course.
The soldier rests; the victory's won!
The battle incense clears away,
The warrior lays his armor by,
And, hush! the dying die!

LI.

Silence sank o'er the earth.
The air was still.

The murmuring waters gently waved
As peacefully as ere before
Those southern shores they softly laved.

LII.

The morning air breathed sweet perfume,
Where many a stricken soldier lay.
The wind sighed forth a requiem,
As sank the sun at ebbing day.

LIII.

The blue, the gray had found repose
Where war's harsh clamor ne'er is heard;
They each had bravely fought and fell,
No more will they to strife be stirred.

LIV.

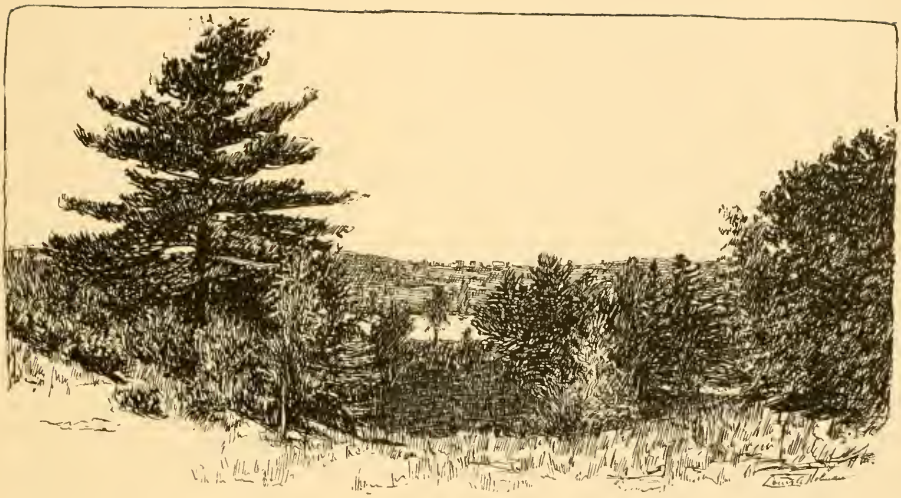
All had their part performed like men.
They heroes were, both blue and gray.
Their praise will sound by tongue and pen,
Their glory none will take away.

IN THE TWILIGHT 'NEATH THE TREES.

Long and deep the shadows gather,
Soft the night winds faintly sigh;
Low the pine trees gently murmur,
Fast the notes of day sounds die
In the twilight 'neath the trees.

From above, the faint beams glimmer
Of the now fast-fading day,
And the pale stars, as through vapor,
Peer with modest shrinking ray
In the twilight 'neath the trees.

Sung, with leafy branch enfolded,
Gently swayed in downy nest,
Waiting for the morning's brightness,
Safe, the song-bird takes its rest,
In the twilight 'neath the trees.



"Low the pine trees gently murmur."

Page 56.

So, when twilight hour approaches
'Mid the shades that earth may cast,
And the mingling damp and darkness
Round us gather thick and fast,
Then, at rest, safe on the strong arm
Of the Great Eternal Friend,
May the soul find peace and shelter,
May He from all ill defend
In the twilight 'neath the trees.

WAYLAND, AUG. 16, 1890.

THE UNFORGOTTEN.

No, not forgotten are they, friends of our early days,
Who walked with us in childhood along life's pleasant ways;
Tho' distant far, the echo of each loved, familiar voice,
By tender recollection they make the heart rejoice.

No, not forgotten are they, but live in acts of love,
Tho' long ago they passed from earth and found a home above;
Tho' dead, they yet are speaking, and the deeds they left behind,
Live with a silent life of love that us to them still bind.

IN MEMORIAM.

[John P. Hudson, a member of the 7th Mass. Light Battery, died in the U. S. service, at Sudbury, Mass., March 7th, 1864.]

SLOWLY and sadly passed the years
Of dismal war, of civil strife,
And oft the nation sadly mourned
The offerings rendered for its life.

The sturdy patriots went forth
From city, village, hamlet, farm;
Unsparing was the sacrifice
To shield our native land from harm.

And one there was who went away,
A loved one fond, a patriot true,
He gave a brother's sad farewell,
And joined the band of boys in blue.

Amid Virginia's swampy shades
His camp-fire gleamed, as months sped by;
Through battles stern he passed unscathed,
But reached his home at length to die.

Through weeks of watching, sad we stood
Beside the soldier's couch of pain,
And soon we knew he never more
Would hear his battery boom again.

The spring time came with pleasant showers,
The hills once more were decked with green,
Earth brought again its early flowers,
But that dear form no more was seen.

It rests upon a sunlit spot,
Where soft the day's departing ray
In tender radiance is cast
Ere it in twilight fades away.

But not alone does nature cast
Its loving, generous offerings down,
A nation's gratitude goes out
To those it fondly calls its own.

ERRATA.

On page 22, read Pokanoket for Pokonoket.
On pages 11 and 13, read gambrel for gable.
On page 26, read turkeys for turkies.

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